

K Bellamy (5/11/1722)
L O V E Triumphant :

Eliza O R, *Hill*

The Rival Goddesses.

A

PASTORAL OPERA.

Perform'd on *Easter-Monday,*

32
By the Young LADIES of Mrs. *Bellamy's*
School (as their Publick BREAKING-UP
Exercise) with the General Applause and
Approbation of Their Friends.

To which are Added,

Some Original P O E M S , and
TRANSLATIONS.

Never before Publish'd.

*The Shafts of BEAUTY irresistible are ;
But SHE that's Virtuous still outshines the Fair.*

L O N D O N ,

Printed for, and Sold only by Mrs. *Bellamy's*
at her School in Old *Boswel-Court*, near
Clement's-Inn. 1722.

L O V E T R I U M P H A N T

The Royal Goshawk

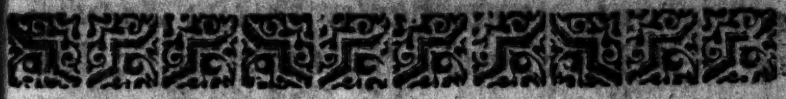
PASTORAL OPERA

By the Author of "The Royal Goshawk"
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, Strand, 1797.

Some Original Poems, &c.
BY THE AUTHOR.



L O N D O N
Printed by J. JOHNSON, Strand, 1797.



TO THE
Young *LADIES*
OF
Mrs. BELLAMY'S School:
PARTICULARLY
*Those concern'd in the follow-
ing Performance.*

Young *LADIES,*

 *Instruction and Delight are the Two Chief Ends of Poetry; and as Youth (whose Tender Age naturally requires Something Gay, and Lively) ought to be indulg'd at proper Times in Little Amusements; provided they be both Harmless and Decent; so I*
A 2 *hope*

7 *The* DEDICATION.

hope, this following short *Dramatic Entertainment*, together with the *Additional POEMS*, may be thought no Improper Present. My *Muse* therefore, *LADIES*, flies to *You* for Shelter, and under the Umbrage of *Tour Virtue* and *Innocence*, courts Protection.

'Tis with no small Satisfaction on my *Own Part*, and, I think, Credit on *Tours*, that I can assure Your Friends, *You Yourself* gave Birth to *This Composition*, by shewing a more than Ordinary Readiness to resign *Tour little Private Pastimes* (at *Tour Usual Times of Breaking-Up* always allow'd of) for a more *Rational*, and more *Publick Way* of Entertaining both *Yourselves*, and *Them*.

As *Tour Application* to me in that Particular, was (in my Opinion) a great Argument of *Tour good Taste*, and *sprightly Genius*; I own, I was pleas'd with *Tour Request*, and thought myself oblig'd to comply with it. Immediately therefore, I set about *This little Work*, and
by

The DEDICATION. 5

By the Assistance of a few good Authors, in a short time compleated It.

My Principal Business on this Occasion, being to find out a *Story* very *Innocent*, strictly *Modest*, and yet truly *Poetical*; I could not, I thought, build on a better Foundation than the Ingenious Mr. CONGREVE's justly Admir'd *Musical Interlude*, Entitled, *The Judgment of PARIS*; Which, I almost blush to own, I have plunder'd without Mercy. As to the Character of *Oenone* (if any of my Readers shall be so curious as to trace me) they will find I am equally indebted to *OVID*, and *GUARINI*.

Thus far I think myself oblig'd, in Point of Common Justice, frankly to acknowledge; yet the General Applause and Approbation *This Performance* met with from *Your Friends*, thro' *Your Agreeable*, (and I may say in some Measure) *Just Representation* of It, has encourag'd me to suffer its Appearance in Publick, and to publish It as my own. Whether
It

6 The DEDICATION.

It will bear a *Clofer-Perusal*, or not, I readily submit to the *Censure*, or *Approbation* of my Readers ; yet hope, no *Critick* will handle it too severely ; since it was only wrote for the *Innocent Diversion* of a few Young **LADIES**.

I am not overfond of the Character of a **POET**, and if my small Talent that Way rises but so high, as to *Entertain*, and *Improve You* ; It answers the whole Design, and utmost Ambition of

LADIES.

Your most Humble Servant,

D. BELLAMY.

P R O.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken (the First Time of its Performance)
in Private.

GENTLEMEN, and LADIES,

*P*erhaps You'll say, too rashly We proceed,
And aim to Act, before We well can Read ;
That without Thought, or Conduct We advance,
And fain wou'd Move with Art, before We've learnt to
(Dance.

Some FEW there are may so Censorious be ;
Yet still We hope, that the MAJORITY
Will smile at our ATTEMPT, and INFANCY.

To You, Kind LADIES, We our Homage pay,
And beg You'll favour This Our FIRST ESSAY,
This little SKETCH, This SHADOW of a PLAY.
We Undertook It only as a Tryal,
And Not to please wou'd be a sore DENIAL.

Then, LADIES, take what follows in good Part,
And pardon Want of SCENES, Fine CLOATHS, and ART.
Tho' ne've so ill perform'd — 'Tis doing Something,
And more Commendable at least than — ROMPING.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken (the First Time of its Performance)
in Private.

(*LADIES,*

TO You, Fair JUDGES, *I'm with Orders come,*
To know at Once what is our Final Doom :
Trembling within, our Little ACTORS wait,
And seem Impatient till They know their Fate.

Some, too Morose, shew by their Angry Looks,
They wish We had Rehears'd Our Spelling Books ;
And think Our Time had been much better spent
At Cross-Stitch, Irish-Stitch, or at the Tent :
Yet still, We hope, We have a PARTY here,
Who'll be as Merciful, as They Severe.

If This We find diverts You, We propose
Next Breaking up, to borrow SCENES and CLOATHS.
Our JOVE in Atful Thunder shall appear,
And HERMES, doubly wing'd, shall cut the Air ;
Our SHEPHERD on a Mossy Bank shall lye,
Watching his fleecy Flocks, that graze hard by.
Our GODDESSES in gandy Vests shall shine,
And seem, tho' Mortal, to be all Divine.
CUPID shall wait on VENUS with his Bow,
And with his Arrows pierce Young PARIS thro' :

At

EPILOGUE.

9

At last, To finish This Our harmless Sport,
We'll All be drest & adorn Fair VENUS' Court.
Proud of Applause, at all this Pomp We'll aim,
And spare no Pains, or Cost, to purchase FAME.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken (the Last Time of its Performance)
in Publick.

[A Messenger delivers a Letter, as from the *Actors* to the *Prolocutor*. After a short Perusal, She tears it with Resentment, and begins.]

I Won't speak This PROLOGUE, Go, tell 'em so;
If They no Wit, I can some Manners show.
I put on Airs, and huff the Audience!
Tell 'em 'tis rude, and argues Want of Sense. —

No, LADIES, I'll an humbler Method take,
And will presume no PROLOGUE here to speak:
You thought I wou'd — but People may mistake.

Were You to wreck the fruitfullest Invention,
You can't imagine what is my Intention;
But, not to be too tedious, I'll explain
The mighty Project of my Teeming Brain.
'Tis This — with all due Reverence and Submission,
To sum up all Our Wants in a PETITION.

B

Were

*Were Ye to know how great is Our Distress,
What Pains We take at Times like These for Dress,
We cou'dn't ask Your Aid without Success.* }

*No Country Heirels, that to Town resorted,
Full of Herself, and longing to be courted,
Takes half that Care to drive the City thro',
And ransack every Shop for Something Gay, and New.*

*First then, We move You GENTLEMEN and BEAUS,
To furnish us with all Your Gayest Cloaths;
Fring'd Gloves, Tye-Wigs, Edg'd-Hats with Smart
(Cockades,
And Morning-Gowns made all of Rich Brocades;
Embroider'd-Coats, and Waistcoats, if You'll spare 'em:
We ask no Breeches — 'Tis not Our Place to wear 'em.*

*Now, to You, LADIES, humbly We apply
For a Fresh Grant of all Your Finery;
Your Brilliants, Lockets, Watches, Tweezer-Cases,
Flow'rs for Our Heads, and Patches for our Faces:
Hoops, Fringes, Store of Pins and Bodkins;
Besides a Thousand other little Odd Things,
Too tedious here in Order to express,
And not so proper for a SHORT ADDRESS.*

*We're all Ambitious of Appearing Fine,
And fain wou'd with Uncommon Lustre shine;
Then send these Trinkets in without Delay,
And Your Petitioners shall ever pray.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken (the Last Time of its Performance)
in Publick.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

OUR Master fears *We've tyr'd You All to Night,*
With his Dull FARCE shewn in so feint a Light;
But as He seeks not for a POET's Fame,
And Our Improvement is His Only Aim;
As He proposes Nothing on His Part,
But Teaching us to Move, and Speak with Art;
He hopes Your Goodness will a Smile bestow,
And None go Home with a Contracted Brow;
Hopes You'll excuse What'e're You've seen amiss,
Approve a TASK so Innocent as This,
And with Applause Our Nymphs and Swains dismiss.

— His Hopes are crown'd. — *I see Good Nature rise,*
And Pleasure sparkling in Your Generous Eyes.
Methinks, I hear Some praise Our Artless Song,
And own 'tis Pretty, as We're All so Young.

LADIES; *We're overjoy'd You look so Easy,*
And very Proud, that This Night's Labours please You,
In Length of Time, We hope, We shall Improve,
And by Degrees, Encrease Your Mirth and Love.
This FIRST ESSAY Let Your Indulgence spare,
We'll Speak more Artfully Another Year:

'Twasn't a Day did Rome's Bright Fabrick rear.
In short, — Be to Our Little Merit wond'rous Kind,
But to Our Faults, Be (like our CUPID) — Blind.



Dramatis Personæ.

Jupiter.

Mercury.

Cupid.

Paris.

Juno.

Pallas.

Venus.

Oenone.

Florinda.

*Shepherds, Shepherdesses, the Graces,
Hours, and Other Attendants.*

SCENE Mount IDA.

LOVE



LOVE Triumphant :

O R,

The Rival Goddesses.



SCENE I.

A Prospect of Mount IDA.

Jupiter and Mercury appear in the Air.

Jup. **H**Ast, *Hermes*, hast, for Earth thy Flight prepare;
To *Paris* this Important Message bear.
Tell him that *Pallas*, and the *Queen of Love*
At Variance are with the *Great-Wife of JOVE*;
Tell him *All Three* will on *Yon Mount* descend,
And by *His Judgment* their Contention end.
Give him this *GOLDEN BALL*: — Be *This* the *Prize*
Of Her, who gains the *Conquest* o're his Eyes.

Mer.

14 LOVE Triumphant : Or,

Mer. With winged Speed I'll cut the Liquid Air,
Well pleas'd, *Great LOVE*, Your dread Commands to
(bear.

*Jupiter ascends. Mercury flies downwards,
and disappears.*



SCENE II.

A Myrtle Grove.

Enter Oenone, and Florinda.

Oeno. **H**Ail, Sacred Grove, thou silent, calm Retreat!
Free from the Troubles that attend the Great!
Wou'd Heav'n but smile, and prove so much my Friend,
To make my Fortune on my Wish depend;
The Pomp of Courts shou'd never tempt my Eyes,
And I'd th' *Elysian* Shades for *Tbine* despise.
How truly is the Nymph, *Florinda*, blest,
Whom NATURE, and not ART hath neatly dress'd!
Who manages with Care her little Store,
Lives above Want, and wishes for no more!
No anxious Cares, which Others feel, molest
The peaceful Calm that dwells within her Breast.
Whilst on the Grass her Lambkins bleating lye,
Her *Loving Swain* fealts on her Lovely Eye:
Under some favourite *Myrtle's* pleasant Shade,
By kind Appointment meets the Tender Maid:

There

There with repeated Vows his *Passion* tells,
There *She* as freely her *Pure Flame* reveals.
These are the Pleasures of the peaceful Grove,
And I am blest with such a *Faithful Love*.

Flor. Yonder, *Oenone*, comes thy *Lovely Swain*;
And seems to seek Thee with a pleasing Pain.



SCENE III.

Enter Paris to Oenone and Florinda.

Par. **W**Here hast Thou been, Thou Queen of my Desires,
Thou dearest Partner of my softest Fires?
With Longing Eyes I've sought Thee thro' the Grove;
A Moment's Absence seems an Age in Love.

Oeno. My faithful *Paris* is my Soul's Delight,
My Wish by Day, and all my Dream by Night.
The softest Language never can impart
The secret Transports of my Yielding Heart;
While I Thy Beauteous Form, *Kind Swain*, survey,
And gaze with Joy my very Soul away.

Paris. My Dear *Oenone*'s brighter than a Star;
Stars I have seen, but ne'r saw one so Fair.
Cou'd Heav'n some greater Master-piece devise,
Adorn'd with all the Glories of the Skies;
Yet still in vain *That Nymph* shou'd rival Thee,
Unless he made another Heart for me.

Oeno. With how much Ease, I, whom I love, believe;
And Want of Worth for One so Good I grieve.

16 LOVE Triumphant : Or,

I'll never more remove me from thy Sight :
Thou shalt my Guardian be, I thy Delight.

Paris. For Love of Thee, ev'n Queens I cou'd despise,
And own the Triumph of *Oenone's* Eyes.

Oeno. Not Beds of State cou'd half so grateful be,
As Mossy Banks, and New fall'n Leaves with Thee.

Paris. Oh ! Thou art dearer to my Soul than Rest
To Mariners, with Winds and Storms oppress :
More dear than to the sordid Miser Gold,
Or Pomp, and Pow'r to him that's Brave, and Bold.

Oeno. Oh ! I cou'd ever hear thy Charming Tongue,
(Thy Voice is sweeter than the *Syrens* Song)
And never think the Blessed Hours too long !
No *Nymph* was ever sure so truly blest,
Nor of so Fond a Partner e're possess.

Paris. No *Swain* was e're so Happy sure, to find
A *Nymph* so Beauteous, and so wond'rous Kind.
Oh ! may out present Happiness endure
From Fortune, Time, and Envious Death secure !

Oeno. Oh ! may this Harmony for ever last,
And every Hour prove happier than the past !

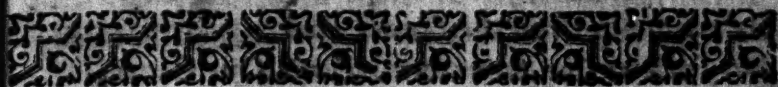
Paris. The *Nymphs* and *Swains* shall celebrate our
(Bliss,
And make a PUBLICK FESTIVAL for this ;

Shall all unite to entertain my FAIR,
And Thy Diversion shall be all their Care.

Florinda. Call thy *Jovial Partners* in,
And let their harmless Sports forthwith begin.

(*Florinda goes out. Paris and Oenone seat
themselves in Two Chairs, adorn'd with
Flowers.*)

SCENE



SCENE IV.

The PASTORAL Interlude.

ENTITUL'D,

The Unhappy Stock - Jobbers :

OR,

The SOUTH-SEA Penitents.

Enter Florinda with Sylvia, Damon, Menalcas, and Amaryllis. Florinda retires, and sits down by Oenone. Sylvia comes forward, and speaks

The PROLOGUE.

GENTLEMEN, and LADIES,

*P*erhaps You'll say Our Master's in the Wrong,

To let Us Speak who are so Very Young :

To let Us have a PASTORAL rehearse,

Before We've any Knowledge of a Verse.

Thus Some may say — but Those of more Discerning
Know 'tis the Way to Cheat Us into Learning.

C

Then,

8 LOVE Triumphant : Or,

Then, LADIES, still We hope You'll be so Good,
As not to nip Us in the Tender Bud ;
But smile at OUR ATTEMPT, espouse OUR CAUSE,
And crown Our Little LABOURS with Applause.



The PASTORAL Interlude.

Syl. : WHY have my dearest Friends this Grotto chose,
Where the Pale Yew, and pensive Poplar
(grows)

Why do Ye thus sit sighing, and alone,
And to the Woods, and Mountains make your Moan ?

* Can any Sorrow your sad Hearts possess,
* Which Sylvia will not pity, or redress ?

(Turns to Damon.)

O ! Vent the Galling Secrets of Your Heart,
And to Your Faithful Friends, Your Pains impart !
Whose Sympathizing Sighs may ease Your Soul,
And Tears in Comfort all Your Tears condole.

* Damon. Oh ! that We ne're had liv'd to see the Day,
* When first we sold our Flocks, and flung our Crooks
(away

* Before, how happy in Our Rural Bow'rs,
* In Mirth and Play We spent Our harmless Hours !

(How

N. B. For the Ease of the Little Ladies Memories, the
Lines only thus marked (*) were spoken in the Perfor-
mance.

The Rival Goddesses.

19

How oft have We, within Our Calm Retreat,
 Whilst on each Side We heard Our *Lambkins* bleat)
 Smil'd at the Troubles that attend the Great!

But yet (We know not how) *Ambition* fir'd
 Our Souls, and *Hopes of Gain* Our Thoughts inspir'd.
 For *These* We from *Those* Sacred Plains withdrew,
 Bid all Our Cheerful Fellow *Swains* adieu,
 And to the BUSY WORLD in Haste We flew.

' *Menal.* Soon as We sold our *Flocks* We bought a
 (*Ship,*

Which plow'd, in hopes of Gain, the dang'rous Deep,
 And to Our Wishes shun'd the Tempests Rear,
 The Rugged Rocks; and Pyrates lawless Pow'r.
 Propitious Heav'n, regardful of Our Pray'rs,
 Our *Goods* from Loss secur'd, Our *Minds* from Fears,
 And with Unenvy'd Wealth rewarded all Our Cares.

But, Oh! Dear *Syloia*, Sure Our Cruel Fate
 Rais'd high Our Joys to make Our Pains more Great!
 She brought indeed a Glorious Scene to View,
 But to Our Torment soon that Scene withdrew.
 So from his Window the poor Prisoner spies
 A pleasant Plain, and feasts his greedy Eyes:
 But when he turns, and hears his rattling Chain,
 The Prospect serves but to encrease his Pain.

' *Syl.* Why, dear *Menalcas*, would'st Thou tempt thy
 And hazard *Greatness* to be yet more Great? (*Fate,*
 When Fortune had so far propitious been,
 Why didst Thou not come back to Us again?—
 Thou should'st have rul'd *Sole Monarch* of our Plain.
 But Thou, by blind *Ambition* hurry'd on,
 Wast resolutely bent, like *Phaeton*,
 To drive the *Chariot of the Day, or None.*

C 2

Damon.

20 LOVE *Triumphant* : Or,

- ‘ *Damon*. Had We to Wealth VIRTUE’s bright Pre-
(cepts join’d,
- ‘ And with strong Reason fenc’d Our feeble Minds,
- ‘ We needn’t now Our *Tragick Story* tell,
- ‘ Nor mourn the Fatal Frauds by which We fell.
- ‘ *Men*. Near to the ROYAL BOURSE a **Dome* there lies,
- ‘ Where *Knaves* grow insolent by Gain, and *Fools* by
(Loss grow wise.
- On every Side are soft Enchantments seen,
But *Scylla* and *Carybdis* lurk within :
Yet such bewitching Charms delude the Eye,
That Few (’till ’tis too late) their Danger see.
Thus the Unwary Traveller disdains
The Common Road, and seeks the flow’ry Plains,
Thinking the Pleasure will reward his Pains :
But to his Cost he finds with much Surprise,
That in the Verdant Grass the Poisonous *Adder* lies.
A Fourfold Path † directs the Motly Throng,
Made up of every Nation, every Tongue :
Thro’ which with Eager Haste they thither run,
Some to Undo, but more to be Undone.
- ‘ To this Vile *Spot* a subtil, wily Crew
- ‘ Our heedless Steps by strong Enticements drew.
- ‘ *Amar*. Tell us, *Menalcas*, how their Snares they
- ‘ What Arts they us’d your Senses to invade, (laid,
- ‘ And how your Soul was such a Captive made.
- ‘ *Men*. The Musick of their false, deluding Tongues
- ‘ Was soft, and fatal as the *Syrens* Songs.
- ‘ With

* *Jonathan’s Coffee-House.*

† *Exchange Alley.*

- ' With Heaps of *Promis'd Gold* they first essay'd,
 ' And brib'd our weaker Passions to their Aid.
 These gain'd, with Ease our Reason they controul'd,
 And soon prevail'd our inmost Thoughts t' unfold.
 Then *Secrets deep* with Freedom they disclos'd,
 And with Assur'd Success each *New Design* propos'd.
 ' *Amar.* Cou'd you by specious Words alone be caught,
 ' And taken in a Net so slightly wrought?
 ' The Bitter Pill is always gilded o're;
 ' With Ease, methinks, you might such Frauds explore.
 ' *Dam.* With strong Deceit their Artful Plots they
 (form'd,
 ' And *Magick Scenes* of Wealth their *Dark Intrigues*
 (adorn'd;
 But when these fail, as fail they sometimes will,
 And you begin to dread th' Approaching Ill;
 A Thousand Guileful Tales they strait contrive,
 To make the Dying Hope in Expectation live.
 ' Thus charm'd from *Virtue's* peaceful Paths we stray'd,
 ' And to recountless Ills our thoughtless Souls betray'd.
 ' *Amar.* Cease your Complaints, your Sighs and Tears
 (give o're;
 ' If you'll resolve to lead *that Life* no more,
 ' We will your *Stock of Sheep and Goats* renew,
 ' That You may bid the *Busy Faithless, World* Adieu.

*The PASTORAL ended, they join in a Fi-
 gure Dance to the South-Sea Tune. The
 Dance over, Amaryllis speaks —*

The



The EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

OUR Little PASTORAL INTERLUDE is done,
And now the SCENES at first propos'd come on:
To This alone I ask You to be kind,
Let Those more Favours beg who come behind.

All pay their Respects to Paris and Oenona,
and go out. Florinda rises, and sings the
following SONG

On the Pleasures of a Country Life.

I.

HOW Happy are the Nymphs and Swains,
Who dwell on the Idalean Plains!
No Gares break in upon their Ease,
But All is Harmony and Peace.

Cho. No Gares break in, &c.

II.

The Nymphs without a Frown appear,
And look as Pleasant as they're Fair.
Each does her Faithful Partner prize,
And meets him with Consenting Eyes.

Cho. Each does her Faithful, &c.

III.

III.

No *Distant* *Alas* they know, nor *Arts*,
To torture their Poor Lovers Hearts;
But freely they disclose their Mind,
And prove as *Constant* as they're *Kind*.

Cho. *But freely they disclose, &c.*

IV.

Thus, like the *First Blest Pair*, they live,
And Joys reciprocally give;
Thus spend their Days without Offence
In God-like Love and Innocence.

Cho. *Thus spend their Days, &c.*

*After the SONG, Paris and Oenone dance.
The Rural Diversions over, Paris, Oe-
none, and Florinda sit down again.*



SCENE



SCENE V.

Enter Mercury to Paris, Oenone and Florinda.

Mer. FROM High *Olympus*, and the Realms above,
Behold, I come from the Great Thund'rer *JOVE*.
Shepherd, Arise*, and leave thy Rural Care,
To listen to the Message which I bear.

Regard no more thy Crook, and Tuneful Reed,
Forbear henceforth thy Fleecy Flocks to feed ;
For Thou to Greater Honours art decreed.

Paris. Say, *Hermes*, say, why dost thou seek this Plain,
To greet so kindly such a Lowly Swain?—
What does the *Mighty Thunderer* Ordain?

Mer. This *Radiant Fruit*, which here I grasp, behold,
Brighter by far than any Burnish'd Gold.
For This *Three Beauteous Goddesses* contend ;
For This alone they now to Earth descend.
By *JOVE* commission'd, take the *Golden Prize*,
And give It Her who has the *Fairest Eyes*.

(*Delivers him the Golden Ball.*)

Paris. O rising Joy ! O ravishing Delight !
What Mortal can support the Glorious Sight !

Alas !

* All rise, and pay their Homage to Mercury.

The Rival Goddesses.

25

Alas! my Eyes too weak : No Human Brain
Is able so much Rapture to sustain.

I faint, I fall, O *Hermes*, take me hence,
E're Extacy invades my Aching Sense.

O! Help me, quickly help me, or I dye,
And fall a *Victim* to Excess of *Joy*.

Mer. Shepherd, be bold, with Freedom view each Face;
Discover every Charm, and every Grace :

Altho' *Ten Thousand Darts* should fly around,
Thou shalt survey them all without a Wound.

Happy art Thou above all Human Race;

The *GODS Themselves* with Thee would change *Their*

Paris. Happy I am, altho' of Human Race : (Place.
Nor with the *GODS* would I exchange my Place.

Mer. Behold, *Heav'n's Beauteous Goddesses* appear,
And sail with Splendor thro' the Ambient Air.

(*Mercury goes out, and
Paris turns to Oenone.*)

Paris. My Dear *Oenone*, for a While be gone,
I'll wait on Thee before the Setting Sun :

Then on Thy Bosom I'll recline my Head,

And tell Thee All that *Heaven's Bright Queens* have said :

Oeno. 'Till the Sun sets, my Dearest Swain, farewell.

(*She retires to a Corner of the Stage.*)

(*Aside.*) I like not this : Yet why I cannot tell :

My Boding Heart presages Something Ill.

Something, I fear, will interrupt *Our Love*,

Some *New-born Hopes* may teach *His Heart* to rove,

And I should Dye should He *Inconstant* prove.

(*She goes out.*)

P

Paris

26 LOVE Triumphant : Or,

Paris. { My Pulse beats high, and all my Blood's on Fire :
alone. { Methinks, I hear the Soft, Angelick Choir
In most Harmonious, most Extatick Lays,
Extol *Their Vertues*, and *Their Beauties* praise.

[*She retires to one Corner of the Stage.*
The GODDESSES are seen at a Di-
stance descending in a Golden Chariot
drawn by Peacocks.]



SCENE VI.

Enter Juno, Pallas, and Venus to Paris.

Juno. SATURNIA, Wife of Thundring JOVE, am I,
Belov'd by *Him*, and *Empress* of the Sky.

First, *Shepherd*, fix on *Me* thy wond'ring Sight :
Beware, and View *Me* well, and Judge aright.

Pall. This Way, Oh ! this Way bend thy wond'ring
'Tis *Pallas* claims the Glorious Golden Prize : (Eyes ;
A *Virgin-Goddes* free from any Stain,
And *Queen of Arts*, and *Warlike Arms* I reign.

Venus. Hither, Oh ! hither turn Thee, Gentle Swain,
Shall VENUS sue, and shall *She* sue in Vain ?

'Tis VENUS Only rules the GODS Above,
'Tis LOVE rules Them, and *She Alone* rules LOVE.

Paris. I'm All Confusion — How shall I decide ? —
A Title sure so Equal ne're was try'd.
Your Beauties thus United dim my Sight,
And I at Random gaze, o'whelm'd with too much Light.

Then

The Rival Goddesses.

27

Then let me view *Apart* each Heav'nly Fair,
For *Three* at Once no *Mortal Eye* can bear.

(*Pallas and Venus retire to One
Side of the Stage.*)

Juno. Let Great *AMBITION*, *Shepherd*, fire thy Heart,
And *All Thy Aims* keep Pace with thy *Desert*.
For sake thy *Crook*, and leave the *Humble Plain*,
For Thou wert Born o're *All Mankind* to reign.
Scepters and *Crowns* beneath *Thy Feet* I'll throw,
And *Peace* and *Plenty* shall around Thee flow.
This, This shall be *Thy Fate*, if *Mine's* the *Prize*,
And with *Success* I mount the *Azure Skies* :
If in *My Lap* the *GOLDEN BALL* be hurl'd,
That Moment Thou art *Monarch* of the *World*.

(*She retires, and Pallas comes
forwards.*)

Pall. Wake, *Mortal*, wake ; thy *Drooping Spirits* raise,
And waste no more in *Sloth* thy *Youthful Days*.
Resign thy *Crook*, and leave the *Flow'ry Plain* ;
O ! Sooth the *Nymphs* no more, my *Gentle Swain*,
Nor ever touch thy *Tuneful Pipe* again. }
Thy *Rural Sports*, thy *Wanton Dances* cease,
And quit at Once, this *Soft, Inglorious Ease*.
Hark ! *Shepherd*, hark ! the *Glorious Voice* of *War*
Now calls Thee forth, and cries, *For Arms prepare* : }
Hark ! How the *Martial Musick* charms the *Air* !
The *Ratling Drums* their *Chearful Marches* beat,
And *Concave Rocks* the *Generous Sounds* repeat.
Let a *Fresh Ardor* in thy *Bosom* rise,
And *Restless Glory* sparkle in *Thy Eyes*.

28 LOVE *Triumphant* : Or,

I'll give Thee Courage to confront the Brave,
 And What *Thy Fancy* dictates Thou shalt have.
 Thy *Foes* shall at thy Feet *All* prostrate lye,
 And at *Thy Awful Nod* shall live, or dye.
 O! Think what Transports *Every Conquest* yields
 The *Victor*, marching from the *Bloody Fields* !
 O! Think how *Great*, how *Glorious* 'tis, to see
 The Godlike *Hero* flush'd with *Victory* !
 To see *His Head* with Wreaths of *Laurel* crown'd,
 And hear *FAME's Golden Trump* his Praises sound !
 To *Me*, Kind Swain, the *GLORIOUS PRIZE* resign,
 And *Fame*, and *Certain Conquest* shall be Thine.

[*Pallas retires, and Venus comes forwards.*]

Venus. Stop, *Lovely Youth*, thy Choice a While delay,
 And hear what *Cytharea* has to say.
 Let not *Ambition* rob Thee of thy Ease ;
 Nor for *False Glory* quit the *Charms of Peace*.
 Drive from thy Soul all Fear, and Anxious Care ;
 The Pomp of *Empire's* but a gilded Snare.
 O! Think how fickle is the *Warrior's Fate*,
 And what *Distracting Cares* attend the *Great* !
 One Only *Joy* Mankind can truly know,
 And *Love Alone* that Blessing can bestow.
 Kind *Nature* fram'd Thee sure Alone for *Love*,
 And *All* that see Thee must *Thy Form* approve.
Thy Form is so adorn'd with every *Grace*,
 That *Venus* looks with Pleasure on *Thy Face*.
 Happy's the *Nymph* that's circl'd in *Thy Arms*,
 Altho' the Mistress of *Ten Thousand Charms*.
 Should *Beauteous Helen* once *Thy Shape* survey,
 With *Pleasure* She would gaze *Her Heart* away.

Soon

The Rival Goddesses.

29

Soon would the Queen *All other Joys* despise,
And own the Triumph of *Thy Conqu'ring Eyes*.
To *Me*, Kind Swain, the GOLDEN BALL resign,
And that Fair, MATCHLESS BEAUTY shall be Thine.

Paris. I yield, I yield, O *Venus*! take the Prize:
All *Cupid's* Darts are in *Thy Lovely Eyes*.
O, *Beauteous Queen*! O, *Goddeſs of Deſire*!
Forbear to fan my *Raging Paſſions* higher,
With Greater Joys my *Raviſh'd Soul* to move,
And be *Propitious* to my *Ardent Love*.

[*Venus draws nearer to Paris,*
and Juno comes forwards.]

Juno. Audacious *Mortal*, thus to ſlight *My Love*!
My Boundleſs Offers thus to diſapprove!
Strait I'll aſcend the Skies, to *JOVE* appeal;
To *JOVE* thy *Partial Judgment* I'll reveal.
Juſtly Thou'ſt drawn *His Vengeance* on thy Head,
And with *His Thunder* He ſhall ſtrike thee dead.

(*She goes out, and Pallas*
comes forward.)

Pallas. Ungrateful *Shepherd*, thus to give the Prize!
And thus the *Queen of Arts and Arms* deſpiſe!
Thou ſhalt not long adore thy *Helen's Charms*;
I'll fright Thee with the Glorious Din of Arms.
The *Spartan Chiefs* ſhall ſoon thy Peace deſtroy,
Spight of thy Favourite *Venus*, and her Boy.
Soon to thy Coſt, thou, *Partial Youth*, ſhalt know —
What 'tis *Wars Goddeſs*, thus provok'd, can do.

(*She goes out.*)

Paris

30 LOVE Triumphant : Or,

Paris. My Judgment's past, and all Your Threats are
(vain:

Revenge Your Cause — To Mighty JOVE complain —
To Beauteous Venus I'll for Refuge fly,
And if *She* can't protect me, then I'll dye.

(*He goes out with Venus
Hand in Hand.*)



S C E N E VII.

Enter Oenone and Florinda.

Oeno. SURE some *Ill Planet* rul'd when I was born !
Oenone's lost, forsaken, and forlorn.

Oh ! my *Prophetick Fears* were all too just,
And my *Fond Heart* did soon *this Change* mistrust.
Oh ! may *That Day* be blotted from the Year,
When *Paris* first did on these Plains appear !

Oh ! that I'd mingled with the Common Throng,
And never listen'd to his *Perjur'd Tongue* !

How *Happy* once I was ! — but sure my *Fate*
Rais'd high my *Joys* to make my *Pains* more Great :
She brought indeed a *Glorious Scene* to View ;
But soon alas ! that *Pleasing Scene* withdrew.

So when a *Prisoner* from his Window spies
A Flow'ry Plain, he feasts his greedy Eyes ;
But when he turns, and hears his Ratling Chains,
The Prospect serves but to encrease his Pains.

Lead

The Rival Goddesses.

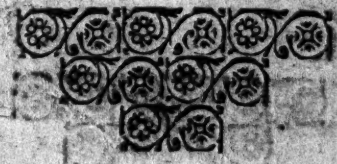
31

Lead me, *Florinda*, to some dismal Gloom,
Where the *Sun's* Chearful Rays can never come.
There let me spend my last Remains of Life
In Floods of *Sorrow*, and *Incessant Grief*.

Flor. My Dear *Oenone*, hear *Florinda* speak,
Upon *Thy Friend* some Kind *Compassion* take,
And don't *Two Hearts* at Once unkindly break!
Cease, cease *Thy Tears*; Upon My Arm recline.
I'll bear *My Part*; let Half *Thy Grievs* be Mine.
Forget *His Treatment*, and no more complain,
But meet His *Suddain Coldness* with *Disdain*.
Let not *Despair* thus wreck Thy *Tender Breast*;
I'll sing, and tune Thy *Tortur'd Soul* to Rest.

Oenone. If Ought in *Nature* sure cou'd ease *My Pain*,
Make Me in Love with *Life*, and be *Myself* again;
I own, *Florinda*, it cou'd only be
Th' Enjoyment of *so True, so Dear a Friend* as Thee,
Musick has Charms I've heard to soften *Rocks*,
To temper *Brutes*, and bend the *Knotted Oaks*.
Why then, shou'd I *Alone* excepted be?
Why should *Thy Musick* have no Pow'r o're Me?
Perhaps, Thy Soothing Sounds *My Heart* may cure,
And I may feel *no more* *Anxious Pains*.

(She sits down in an Easy
Chair.)



FLORINDA *sings.*

SONG.

THE Worst of ILLS may Paris know,
 For Wronging Poor Oenone so :
 To win Her Heart, and then to prove
 So Base and False, as not to Love.
 O Cupid! Strike the Perjur'd Swain,
 And make Him feel the Raging Pain
 Of Ardent Love, and Cold Disdain.

Oenone rises.

Oeno. Thanks to My Friend, Methinks I feel New Life,
 And Scorn arises in the Room of Grief.
 I'll go *This Moment*, and upbraid the Swain,
 And ne're will trust *Deceitful Man* again.

(*She goes out.*)

Flor. O! that Her Heart with Love no more may burn!
 But much I fear, Her Fondness will return.

(*Goes out after Her.*)



SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter *Paris, Venus, Cupid, the Graces, Hours,*
and *Other Attendants.*

Cup. **A** Trend, Ye *Graces*, and Ye *Gentle Loves*,
Ye *Billing Sparrows*, and Ye *Cooing Doves*,
To This Blest Place, Ye *Flying Hours* resort,
Come All the Numerous Train of *Venus' Court*,
In Concert join to sing My *Mother's Name*,
With Chearful Voice Her *Great Success* proclaim
O're *Gilded Empires*, and the *Pride of Fame*.
O! Sing, and spread the *Joyful News* around,
The *Queen of LOVE* is *Queen of BEAUTY* crown'd.

(After *VENUS* is seated in Her
Triumphal Chair by *Paris*, and
All the Attendants are rang'd in
Order round about Her, One of the
Graces sings the Following Song)

E

SONG.



S O N G.

*Address'd to Paris and Venus on the Determina-
tion of the GOLDEN PRIZE.*

I.

LET LOVE's Goddess sooth Thy Mind,
Guard no more Thy *Fleecy Flock* :
Thou'rt for *Greater Joys* design'd,
Leave the *Plain*, and quit thy *Crook*,
Cho. Thou'rt for Greater, &c.

II.

Softest Sounds shall strike *Thine Ear*,
Thou shalt revel in *Delight* :
War's Alarms Thou ne're shalt hear,
Nothing shall Thy *Soul* affright.
Cho. War's Alarms, &c.

III.

Dread not *Juno's Angry Frown*,
Pallas' Arms and *Arts* disdain ;
GODS Themselves LOVE's Pow'r own,
Thou o're LOVE Himself dost reign,
Cho. GODS Themselves, &c.

IV.

Goddeſs of Deſire, Hail !

Wond'rous Magick's in Thy Eyes ?
Charms like Thine muſt needs prevail,
Juſtly Thou haſt won the Prize.

Cho. Charms like Thine, &c.

V.

JOVE Himſelf would partial prove,
Should His Wrath the Swain purſue ;
Had Thy Cauſe been try'd Above,
He had giv'n The BALL to You.

Cho. Had Thy Cauſe, &c.

Cap. Now to conclude Our Joys let's all advance,
And grace Her Triumph with a Cheerful Dance.

(A Figure Dance, and ſeveral other
Dances. The Triumph ended, All
the Attendants pay their Obedience
to Venus and Paris, and go off in
Order Two and Two.)

Venus. Now Farewel, Paris, I'll aſcend the Skies,
'And ſhew all round the Heav'ns My Glorious Prize:
There a NEW TRIUMPH ſhall compleat My Joys.
How will My Mars be pleas'd, My God of War,
When I in Publick ſhall My Trophies bear !
With what Extatick Joy will Vulcan come
To welcome His Successful Part'ner Home!

36 LOVE Triumphant: Or,

But e're I go, *One Secret* I'll declare,
Which Thou'lt with *Pleasure*, and with *Wonder* hear.
Thou art no Shepherd, but a MONARCH's Son,
And thro' Thy Veins Great PRIAM's Blood does run.
Therefore, No more the *Flow'ry Plains* frequent,
But let Thy Thoughts on *Nobler Views* be bent.
Go, bid Thy *Gentle Nymphs* and *Swains* ADIEU,
For Thou must *Nobler Joys*, and *Brighter Charms* pursue.
All *Lesser Beauties* Thou must now despise,
And strive to captivate Fair *Helen's Eyes*.
Fear not *Success*: To *JOVE* Thy Cause I'll move,
And He will hear, for Thou'rt ally'd to *JOVE*.
Be *Bold*, and with the Queen to *Troy* repair:
I'll be Thy *Guardian Goddess*, and protect Thee there.

Paris. Goddess Divine, My humblest Thanks I pay,
And I'll with Joy Thy *Kind Commands* obey.
This Moment I'll *Oenone's Fetters* break,
And range the World for Fair Queen *Helen's Sake*.
I lov'd *Oenone* while an *Humble Swain*:
But now a *PRINCE*, I am Myself again.

(*He goes out with Venus Hand
in Hand.*)



SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Juno and Pallas.

Juno. **P**allas, to *JOVE* I have complain'd in vain;
Which gives Me, tho' *Immortal*, mortal Pain.
I scarce can tell which 'tis provokes Me most,
My Husband's *Coldness*, or My *Wish* thus crost.

Pall. My *Disappointment* is as Great as Thine,
Therefore with *Force united* let us join,
To vex *Our Rival*, and Her *Favourite Swain*,
And fill with *Horror* all the *Trojan Plain*.

Juno. Agreed: To *Menalaus* strait I'll go,
Rouse up his Wrongs, and teach him what to do:
A *Numerous Fleet* the *Spartans* shall prepare,
And plague *Old Troy* with a long tedious War.

Pall. I like *Your Thought*: Your Motion's wond'rous
(Good:—

Troy shall be ransack'd, and be dy'd with Blood.

Tell him that *Pallas* will direct his Arms,

Espouse his Cause, and save him from all Harms.

Amidst his Fleet Invisible I'll be,

And crown him with Undoubted Victory.

Soon to his Cost, the Proud, Imperious Boy

Shall wish he'd never heard, or thought of *Troy*.

Will

38 LOVE Triumphant: Or,

With he had never the Fair *Helen* seen,
Or to *Oenone* false, and faithless been :
Soon shall he own, and that with Weeping Eyes,
That *Pallas* should have had the Golden Prize.

(*They go out together.*)



S C E N E X.

Enter Oenone Weeping, and Florinda following Her.

Flor. **T**Hink, think no more on the False, Perjur'd Swain;
He's fled to *Troy*, and all thy Sighs are vain.
No more lament thy Cruel, Wayward Fate ;
Strephon's more Constant, tho' He's not so Great:
Strephon with Pride would the Youth's Place supply,
Adore thy Charms, and for *Oenone* dye.

Oeno. O! Name him not: I hate th' Ambitious Swain;
Long has he su'd indeed, but su'd in Vain.
No; — Since my Once-lov'd *Paris* proves Untrue,
I'll bid the Groves, and all the Swains Adieu.
How oft has He invok'd the Powers Divine
To witness He'd be Constant, ever Mine !
What Cruel Stars his Kindness to prevent,
Curs'd him with Pow'r, and ruin'd my Content !
Whisper'd Renown and Glory in his Ear,
And cry'd, Let *Helen* be thy Only Care !
Forfake the Plains, thy Shepherd's Weeds lay down;
Change Crooks for Scepters, Garlands for a Crown !

Oh!

The Rival Goddesses.

39

Oh! *Fatal Pomp*, that could so soon divide
What *Love*, and *All our Vows* so firmly ty'd!
Farewel, *Florinda*, I must now be gone.

Flor. Whither, Oh! whither would *Oenone* run?

Oeno. Boldly I'll venture on some Land Unknown,
It cannot use me worse than this has done.
In *Distant Climes* I will my Fate deplore
On a Lone Isle, or some forsaken Shoar;
Where I may listen to *False Man* no more.

Flor. Couldst thou then go, and leave me here behind?
Oenone sure could ne're be so Unkind.
To part with Thee my *Bleeding Heart* would break;
I love the *Groves*, but for *Oenone's* sake.

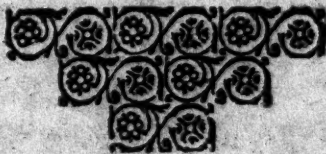
Oeno. Then thus *United*, let's together fly;

(*They join Hands.*)

Live *Vestal Virgins*, *Vestal Virgins* dye.

Since Crowns and Falshoods are Consistent Things,
Since Some are Base, and Perjur'd who are Kings,
I'll envy not my Shepherd's Prosperous Fate,
Nor wish with Loss of Virtue to be GREAT.

FINIS.



ORIGINAL
P O E M S
AND
TRANSLATIONS:

Never before Publish'd.

By M. D. BELLAMY.



L O N D O N,
Printed in the Y E A R, 1722.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF

JOHN ADAMS

BY

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

ESQ.

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE FIRST

VOLUME

NEW YORK

1802



Original P O E M S,
AND
TRANSLATIONS.



The Languishing L O V E R :

O R,

An Invocation to S L E E P.

A Musical Interlude :

S C E N E. *A Shady Grove.*

Enter Damon, Thirsis, and Alexis.

Da. **R**ISE, Gentle God of SLEEP, Arise,
With Downy Slumbers close my Eyes,
And give my Restless Thoughts a Kind Reprieve :
For whilst my Lovely *Celia's* gone,
I must Her Tedious Absence moan ;
Without my *Better Half* 'tis Pain to live,

F 2

Thyrs.

Thyr. Bring here thy Pow'rful, *Magic Wand*;
 Close by Poor *Damon's* Temples stand,
 And wave it gently o're his slumb'ring Soul :
 Tho' bound within thy Peaceful Chains,
 He will be Free from All those Pains,
 Those Anxious Pains with which his Heart is full.

Morpheus rises Half Asleep.

Mor. Ye Gentle Swains, *my Aid invoking*,
 Your Faithful Friendship I approve :
 In Pleasing Slumbers, Dreams provoking,
 I'll reward Young *Damon's* Love.

Da. Yet tho' I would Thy Captive be,
 I'd have my Mimic Fancy free,
 And with an Unconfined Motion rove ;
 And All her Pretty Pastimes play,
 That She may to my Eyes convey
 The Dear Idea of the NYMPH I love.

Mor. Her Lovely Image soon I'll send,
 Her Beauties All displaying ;
 A Thousand Cupids shall attend,
 And in Her Eyes be playing :

(*Morpheus waves his Hand over Damon's
 Head, and descends. Damon falls asleep.*)

Alex. Oh ! FANCY, Wakeful Goddess, now
 Inquire thro' *Morpheus's* Realms below,
 For the Dear Treasure of his Heart that's lost :
 If there the Nymph Thou canst not find,
 Yet bring th' Idea to his Mind
 Of One, that may resemble *Celia* most.

Thyr.

Thyr. But if No Draught be treasur'd there

Of One so Exquisitely Fair;

Let *Fancy* paint the *Charmer* AH anew:

From every *Goddeſs* ſteal a Grace;

Let it be *Fancy's* Maſter-piece;

Not *Fancy's* Self can *Celia's* Charms outdo.

Alex. If All her Art ſhall not avail,

(Nor ſhall I wonder if She fail)

To draw a Piece of ſo much Eminence :

Let her Content with *Damon* reſt,

'Till She beholds his Waking Breſt;

ſhe'll find *Her Image* never ſtray from thence.

Damon wakes.

Da. Oh! Sleep, reſume thy feeble Pow'r;

Betray my fluct'ring Heart no more,

Nor e're pretend to ſooth my Cares again;

E're *Celia* ſhall forſake my Breſt,

Ne're ſhall my Eyes incline to Reſt,

But wake with Endleſs Joy, in Endleſs Pain.

CHORUS.

No more, Ye Swains, no more employ

Dull MORPHEUS' Pow'r to eaſe your Pain:

The Abſent Lover's Darling Joy

Is ſtill to Wake, and ſtill Complain.



CANTATA I.

The Presumptuous BEE.

Rec. **A**S, on a Sultry Summer's Day,
 The God of Love went out to play;
 A Wanton Bee was on the Wing;
 And touch'd the STRIPLING with his Sting,
 Soon as he felt the Raging Pain;
 He thus to VENUS did complain.

Air. See, Mamma, see, How I do swell!
 See, how the Blood does start!
 Oh! I can never, never bear
 The Aching, Raging Smart.
 A Little Dragon round me flew,
 Then settl'd on my Breast;
 His Fatal Sting with Fury drew,
 And rabb'd me of my Rest.

Rec. The Queen of Beauty, when She found
 There was no Danger in the Wound;
 Found that his Pain was almost gone;
 Thus with a Smile address'd her Son,

Air. *If such a Little Animal
Can vex my Cupid so;
If but a Bee can wound Thee thus,
Think what Thy Sting can do.
O! Think, my Pretty, Little Boy,
How Raging is the Smart,
Which the Poor, Slighted Lover feels,
When You transfix his Heart.*



CANTATA II.

JUPITER and DANAE:

FOR VOICE

The Power of GOLD.

Rec. *When Heav'n's Gay God essay'd to move
The Chast, Coy Danae to Love,
A Thousand Artful Tales He told,
But Nothing pleas'd He found like GOLD,
Therefore (resolv'd to win the Maid)
He chang'd t' a Golden Show'r, and said.*

Air. *O! Lovely Charmer, Beauteous Maid,
See, humbly at thy Feet JOVE lies!
Thy Mortal Charms transport Him more
Than All the Beauties of the Skies.*

See,

See, Fair One, all this Yellow Flood
To Thee I'll give, if Thou'lt comply.

O! Do not to a Suppliant GOD
His Wish'd-for Happiness deny.

Rec. The pleasant Prospect look'd to gay,
'Twou'd Chastity Herself betray:
Her Virtue soon began to nod,
And thus the Maid bespoke the GOD.

Air. No more shall Danae to JOVE,
Prove like a Vestal Cold:
The Shafts of LOVE resistless are,
When tipt with Sacred Gold.



CANTATA III.

VENUS in Tears for the Death of ADONIS.

Rec. **A**s Beauty's Goddess chanc'd to rove
Around her Favourite, Shady Grove;
Surpriz'd, a While She speechless stood,
To find the Grass all stain'd with Blood.
But when She cast her Eyes around,
And saw Adonis on the Ground,
Saw his Deep, Ghastly, Gaping Wound;
With hideous Cries She fill'd the Air,
And thus express'd her deep Dispair.

Air.

Air. *Ah ! Dear Adonis, Lovely Boy,
My Soul's Delight, my Only Joy !
Since Thee Untimely Fate has slain :
(Could I) How freely would I dye !
And to thy Parted Spirit fly !
For IMMORTALITY's a Pain.*



CANTATA IV.

The Agreeable MISTAKE :

O R,

V E N U S Discarded.

Rec. **W**ithin a Shady, Pleasant Grove,
By Nature form'd Alone for Love,
Asleep the *Fair Ophelia* laid,
While Fanning *Cupids* round Her play'd.
The God of War the *Virgin* spies,
And swiftly thro' the *Grotto* flies.
The Rustling Noise Her Slumbers broke,
And thus the GOD the *Maid* bespoke.

Air. *Rise, Beauteous Cytharea, Rise,
This Happy Hour improve ;
While Vulcan, and his Smutty Train
Are forging Bolts for JOVE :*

G

50 *Original P O E M S*

*Let us beneath this Shade lye down,
And there renew our Flame ;*

*Let us, possess'd of Present Joys,
Forget our Former Shame.*

*Rec. Ophelia trembl'd when She heard
This Amorous Pray'r to Her prefer'd ;
And, like a Virgin, free from Stain,
Repuls'd Her Lover with Disdain.
The GOD, un-us'd to be deny'd,
In Moving Accents thus reply'd.*

*Air. Why, Lovely Charmer, dost Thou stop
The Rapid Current of my Joy ?
Oh ! Whence proceeds this suddain Change ?
Venus ne're us'd to be so Coy.*

*Rec. Ophelia still maintain'd the Field,
And Modestly refus'd to yield ;
Still strove, and struggl'd to be gone,
And fain wou'd from his Arms have run :
Tho' proud to be so close pursu'd,
And thought a Venus by a GOD.
A Thousand Ways Fond Mars essay'd
To soften the Relentless Maid :
With Many a Sigh He told his Pain,
And dropp'd a Thousand Tears in vain :
Tho' Sighs and Tears, they say, will move,
And pass for Eloquence in Love.
At last the Amorous God of War
(Unable such Repulse to bear)*

and TRANSLATIONS.

53

Resolv'd by *Dint of Force* to gain
 What He by *Art* had sought in vain.
 Then, like a *Soldier*, seiz'd his *Bliss*,
 And ravish'd from the *Fair* a *Kiss*.
 The *GOD* all-over Transport, swore
Venus ne're charm'd him so before.
 But when more closely he survey'd
 This *Mortal Beauty*, *BRITISH MAID*,
 Well-pleas'd with *His Mistake*, He said.

Air. *Henceforth, Fair Nymph, will I no more*
Be Sport for all the Skies ;
But Thy Superior Charms adore,
And Venus, tho' LOVE's Queen, despise.



APOLLO and DAPHNE:

A Dialogue SONG.

Apol. MY Dearest *Daphne*, Charming Maid,
 Ah! Ease my Amorous Pain:
 Can't thou the *God of Day* reject,
 And let Him sue in vain.

Daph. I scorn Thee, tho' a *GOD* Thou art ;
 Offensive is *Thy Light* :
 Perhaps, Thy Suit I might have heard,
 Had'st Thou been *God of Night*.

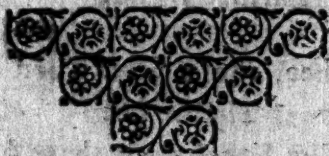


On a Young Gentleman, and His Sister,
 who, by an Accident at Play, lost each
 of them an Eye.

From *AUSONIUS*.

THYRSIS, and *CHLOE*, on One Fatal Night
 Lost each an Eye: The Nymph her Left, the Swain
 (his Right.

In Forming Both Heav'n took Unusual Care,
 Both mov'd with an Inimitable Air;
 And Both, were like the GODS, Divinely Fair.
THYRSIS, no more what *CHLOE* asks deny;
 But in Her Face transplant thy Lovely Eye.
 The Generous Action will the Nymph delight,
 And amply recompence thy Loss of Sight.
 Thou wilt, when Blind, a New-Born CUPID prove,
 And SHE, with Two Such Eyes, the Queen of LOVE.





A DIALOGUE between a Passenger,
and a Turtle-Dove.

From Mr. Pays.

Passen. WHY, Pretty Turtle, dost thou mourn
Within this shady Grove?

Dove. I've lost, alas! my Faithful Mate,
The Partner of my Love.

Passen. An't you afraid the Fowler's Hand
Your Blood, like hers, should spill?

Dove. Oh! no: For if he kills me not,
Incessant Sorrow will.



On Hearing AURELIA sing One Eve-
ning in the Park.

When Fair Aurelia tun'd her Voice,
The List'ning Trees advanc'd,
(As when of Old Amphion play'd)
And in due Order danc'd.

II.

The *Feather'd Choir* around her flood,
 Attentive to Her Song,
 And, as they catch'd Her *Charming Notes*,
 Would imitate 'em as they flew along.

III.

Not the Soft Musick of *The Nine*,
 Or of th' *Harmonious Spheres*;
 Not the Soft Notes of *Dying Swans*,
 Were *Half so sweet* as Hers.

IV.

Sure 'twas Fair *VENUS* in Disguise,
 With *Sweet APOLLO's* Tongue:
 So much She like a *Goddess* look'd,
 So like a *GOD* She sung.



A S I M I L E.

From *GUARINI*.

AS the Fair, Tender, Budding *ROSE*,
 Which in some *Curious Garden* grows;
 Whilst *Sable Night* involves the Sky,
 Close in her *Mother-Stalk* does lye:
 But when those *Shades* are drove away,
 By the more *Chearful Dawn* of Day,

She

She blows apace ; Those Sweets reveals,
 From whence the *Bee* his Nectar steals.
 At last, when *Phœbus* mounts the Skies,
 And views her with a *Lover's Eyes*,
 All her whole Bosom is o'respread
 With an Inimitable Red :
 But then, if on *her Stalk* She grows,
 'Till the GOD half his Journey goes ;
 Before his Race is fully run,
 Her Blushing *Pride*, and *Glory's* gone.
 A *Pale*, and *Life-less Form* She wears,
 And nothing like Herself appears.

So a *Young Virgin* lives secure,
 Whilst in her *Guardian Mother's* Pow'r.
 No Danger of Delusion runs,
 Whilst She all Others Converse shuns:
 But if a *Lover* haply spies
 The Killing Lustre of her Eyes,
 And finds a *Lucky Hour* alone,
 To make his *Ardent Passion* known.
 Soon does Her Heart incline to prove
 The Joys of *Hymeneal Love*.
 But if thro' Modesty, or Fear,
 She durst not Her *Chast Wish* declare ;
 LOVE's *Scorching Fires* within Her burn,
 And All Her *Charms* to *Paleness* turn.
 In Floods of Tears She wasts Her Eyes,
 A *VIRGIN* lives, a *VIRGIN* dies.



The Bashful SHEPHERD :

From GUARINI.

I.

WHY does my Timorous Soul start back,
And meanly fly away,
When I gaze on CELIA'S Charms,
Which far out-shine the Day?

II.

Why does my Tongue its Motion lose,
Which should my Pains reveal?
Why, when so warm a Sun is near,
Does my Heart's Blood congeal?

III.

What is't such Terror can create,
So much thy Soul surprize? —
Has CELIA frown'd, and hast Thou felt
The Lightning of Her Eyes?

IV.

'Tis so — But Thou, my Coward Heart,
Unjustly dost complain:
For *Such a Death* should be esteem'd
A *Pleasure*, not a *Pain*.



To the Scornful CELIA.

From TASSO.

I.

SEE, CELIA, how the Lovely ROSE
Buds with the Dawning Light!
And, as the Day comes rowling on,
Looks doubly Gay, and Bright!

II.

But when the Night begins to spread
Her Sable Horrors round;
See, how She fades, and drooping lies
All wither'd on the Ground!

III.

No longer then with Killing Frowns
Torment Your Faithful Swain;
No more, like a Coy Vestal, fly,
And waste Your Bloom in vain.

IV.

Art Thou still Deaf? — Still with Disdain
Dost Thou behold my Sorrow? —
But know, tho' Thou art Fair to Day,
Sickness may blast Thy Charms To Morrow.

H

O



The C O Q U E T :

O R,

The Imperious B E A U T Y.

From Guarini's PASTOR FIDO.

Enter Corisca Alone.

WHAT Words can paint the Passion which I feel ?
 The wild Disorder of my Soul reveal ?
 Is it not strange *Two Contraries* should meet,
 And such Intestine, Civil War create ?
 That *Love* and *Hatred* should possess my Breast,
 And banish thence *All Hopes*, all *Thoughts* of Rest ? —
 When I survey *Myrtillo's* Beauteous Face,
 Each *Lineament*, each *Lovely Feature* trace,
 Think on each *Motion*, each *Attractive Grace* :
 Whene're I hear His Soft, Melodious *Tongue*,
 Or listen to the *Musick* of His Song,
 My Soul's on Fire, with Extacy I move,
 And every *Other Passion* yields to LOVE.
 But when I think how the *Disdainful Boy*
 Beholds *Another* with Triumphant Joy :

With

With *Pride* avoids my Eager, Longing Arms,
Wilfully blind to my *Superior Charms* :
 The Furious Storm begins again to rise,
My Rage revives, and I *the Youth* despise.
 What ! Shall I tamely bear His Proud Disdain ?
 Sue for a *Shepherd's Love*, and sue in vain ?
 Shall he presume to slight My *Dazling Charms*,
 And revel in a *Meaner Beauty's Arms* ? —
Audacious Villain ! To be mov'd no more !
 To view *My Eyes*, and not *My Eyes* adore !
 To view *My Charms*, and yet so senseless prove,
 As not to *languish*, not to *burn* for Love ! —
 Shall I submit, when he should prostrate lye,
 Be Proud, like Others, at *My Feet* to dye ?
 Oh ! No : — The *Shock* my Heart can never bear ;
 The Thought *confounds* me, drives me to *Despair*.
 Against *Myself*, against *the Youth* I rage ;
 Nor can my *Former Love* the Storm assuage.
Myrtillo proves the Object of my Scorn ;
 From the *Loath'd Sight* my Eyes with Fury turn ;
 My Worst of Wishes does the *Svain* pursue :
 My Passion does no Bounds, no Compass know.
 Thus *Love*, and *Mortal Hatred* in their Turn,
 Like *Intermitting Fevers*, chill, and burn. —
 I, who have sacrific'd a *Thousand Swains*,
Laugh'd at their Love, and *sighted* all their Pains,
 Now feel those Fires, which they have undergone,
 And guess at *Others* Torments by *my Own*.
 I, who have stood Un-mov'd at all their Tears,
 Deaf as the *Winds* to All their Amorous Pray'rs ;
 Have banish'd all their Hopes, with *Pride* survey'd
The Devastation which my Eyes have made,

Am now oblig'd my wayward Fate to moan,
 And a poor *simple Shepherd's* Conquest own.
Corisca, how Unhappy had'st thou been;
 Had'st thou no Lover but *Myrtillo* seen?
 What would'st thou do? how sooth thy Amorous Pain?
 Or how revenge the Villain's Proud Disdain?
 To what Extreams may that *Poor Maid* be drove,
 Whose *Foolish Heart* admits *One Only Love*.
Corisca's Soul shall ne're be so confin'd:
 She'll love, and change as often as the Wind.
 For what is *Faith*? or what is *Constant Love*,
 But Idle Dreams which Jealous Dotards prove?
 In Vain does *Silly Man* expect to find,
 Or *Faith*, or *Constancy* in *Woman-kind*.
 But if by Chance the *Prodigy* appears;
 'Tis not th' Effect of *Virtue*, but of *Years*.
 Some *Ruin'd Beauty* that *Love's War* gives o're,
 Pleas'd with *One Captive*, when She finds *no more*.
 Why shines the *Sun*, but that he may be view'd?
 What's Beauty, if conceal'd, or not pursu'd?
 Happy's the *Nymph* whom *Various Swains* adore:
 Her *Triumph's* Glorious, and *Her Peace* Secure.
 One cannot well *All Offices* supply,
 But a Long *Train of Lovers* crown our Joy.
 This, with a Matchless Grace, his Gifts bestows,
 That dances, sings, and the Shrill Trumpet blows,
 A *Third* reads well, *All Plays*, *All Novels* knows.
 On *Each* the *Prudent Nymph* confers a Smile,
 And seems well-pleas'd to see their *Various Toil*. —
 But None shall ever so Successful prove,
 As to transfix my Heart with *Ardent Love*. —

And

and TRANSLATIONS. 161

And yet so weak my Resolutions are,
Myrtillo sits, alas! in Triumph there.
 I sigh the Live-long Day, yet sigh in vain;
 I languish, burn, and feel Unusual Pain.
 All Night my Tears, like tumbling Surges, roll;
 And thence disclose the Secrets of my Soul.
 Unhappy Change! To *Distant Shades* I fly;
 Yet All in vain: *The Shades* Relief deny.
 In vain I wander thro' the *Gloomy Grove*,
 And trace the Footsteps of my hated Love.
 — What shall Unhappy, Poor *Corisca* do? —
Corisca cannot — must not — will not sue.
 Shall I for ever from his Presence fly? —
 I cannot go; — for if I go — I dye.
 In these Extreame what Measures are the best,
 To heal my Grievs, and tune my Soul to Rest?
 To still *this Storm* I must approach the *Swain*,
 And by *Indulgence* rouse *his Love* again:
 By slow Degrees *my Passion* must reveal,
 But the *Dear Object* artfully conceal.
 What *Wiles*, what *Stratagems* can do, I'll try;
 But if All fail, to *Sweet Revenge* I'll fly.
 The *Proud, Disdainful Youth* shall quickly prove
 My *fierce Resentment*, if he slights *my Love*;
 And *my Proud Rival*, to his Soul so dear,
 Shall curse the Day She did *my Laurels* wear.
 At Last, They Both shall to their Sorrow know,
 What *Mischief, One*, provok'd like me, can do.





LOVE and DESPAIR;

OR,

The Disconsolate Shepherd.

From Guarini's PASTOR FIDO.

Enter Myrtillo and Ergasto.

Myr **O** Bdurate Maid! whose *Comprehensive Name*†
 Shews that the *Sweets of Love* are dash'd with
 (Gall;

More Beauteous art thou than the *Blushing Rose*,
 Fairer than *Lillies*, Gaye'r than the *Morn*;
 But deaf, alas! to All my Sighs and Tears;
 Deaf as the *Winds*, the *Waters*, or the *Weather*.
 Since then *my Words* have lost the Pow'r to please,
 Like *Ravens Notes*, sound harsh unto thine Ears,
 In solemn Silence I will dye before thee;
 Without a Groan will at thy Feet expire. —
 Yet All in vain — There's not a *Hill*, or *Vale*,
 Or *Murmuring Tree* in Yonder *Shady Grove*
 (On which so often I have carv'd thy Name,
 To which I have so oft reveal'd my Passion)

But

† Anasyllis.

and TRANSLATIONS. 63

But will proclaim my Cruel Fate aloud;
Each Rill shall shed a Sympathising Tear,
Each Zephyr fills with Sighs the Ambient Air.
Pity and *Grief* shall in my Eyes be ready,
 And my Unhappy Cause by Turns shall plead.
 At last, ———
 If *All my Wrongs* can no Compassion move
 My *Death itself* to all the World shall prove,
 I sell a *Victim* to the God of Love.

Erga. LOVE is, my Friend, a Pain unspeakable;
 But to suppress it still augments my Pain.
 As the *Hot Courser*, when he feels the *Curb*,
 With double *Speed* scow'rs o're the Dusty Plain:
 So *Love restrain'd*, and in the Breast confin'd,
 With double *Fury* burns, and wrecks the Sense:
 In vain Thou striv'st to hide the *Secret* from me;
 For I have look'd into thy Artless Bosom,
 And view'd the Hurry which thy Soul is in.
 How often have I said *Myrtillo* loves,
 But will not tell the Object he adores!

Myr. Nor would I now reveal my *Luckless Passion*,
 Did not *Necessity* extort it from me.
 What is my Happiness compar'd to her's?
 Rather I'd drag this Load of Life in Pain,
 Than in the least disturb my *Fair One's Quiet*.
 'Tis whisper'd, my *Ergasto*, thro' our Plain,
 (And Oh! the *News* strikes thro' my trembling Heart)
 That *Hymen* will to Morrow join the Hands
 Of *Amaryllis*, and some *Happy Swain*;
 But who, as yet, my Friend, I cannot learn:
 Nor dare I ask, lest I reveal my Flame,
 And find the Truth of what my Soul abhors.

64 Original P O E M S,

I know, alas ! too well my *Abject State*,
 (For *Love* has not so far my *Reason* blinded)
 Ever to hope that Heav'n would bless my Arms
 With *Such a Nymph*, so exquisitely form'd,
 Adorn'd with every Grace, that Nature's Hand
 Could lavishly with all her Art bestow :
 Whose *Mind* is still superior to those *Charms*,
 And speaks its *Essence* to be *All Divine*.
 No — Some ill Planet rul'd when I was born : —
 I'm doom'd to *love*, but never to *enjoy*.
 'Tis *Death*, and *Death alone* can heal my Sorrows :
 And since my *Fate*'s to be in *Love* with *Death*,
 With *Utmost Pleasure* I'd this *Life* forego ;
 With *Extacy* expire, so that the *Lovely Charmer*
 Would bless me with her *Eyes*, and seal my *Fate*;
 I have but *This*, This *Only Boon* to ask,
 That She would hear her poor *Myrtillo* speak,
 Before She gives herself away for ever.
 Now Generous Youth ———

If I am *One* in whom thy *Soul* takes *Pleasure*;
 Since *Passion* overbears me, plays the *Tyrant*,
 And hurries my *Unstable*, *Flitting Soul*
 To *Madness* and *Despair* ; — Pity my Sorrows,
 And lend me, if thou can'st, thy helping *Hand*.

Erg. A *small Request* for a poor, dying *Lover*;
 Yet to accomplish what thy *Soul* desires,
 Is a *hard Task*, and of the *Last Importance*.
 Should the *Fair Nymph's Stern Father* chance to hear
 His *Daughter* listen'd to thy *Love-sick Story*,
 Or should the *Fatal News* once reach the *Ears*
 Of the *High Priest* *Montano*, (*Silvio's Father*)
 The *Darling* of thy *Soul* is lost for ever.

For

For *This*, and *This alone* perhaps She flies thee;
Her Frowns perhaps may prove but *Artifice*,
 And her *Fond Heart* may *pity thee* in Private:
Women are more inclin'd to Love than Men;
 But with more *Art* conceal the *Raging Pain*.

Grant this Suggestion true — Tell me, *Myrtillo*,
 Hasn't She Reason to deny thy Visit?

In vain SHE listens to her Lover's Tale,
 Who wants the Power his wounded Soul to heal:

Admits him to her Presence but in vain,
 When the soft Interview will but augment his Pain.

And HE, *Myrtillo*, doubtless is to blame,
 Who loves, despairs, and yet still fans the Flame.

Myr. O! Could I once but entertain that Thought,
 My *Anxious Pain* would prove the Greatest Pleasure.
 But, my Dear Friend, (so may the Gods smile on thee)
 Do not conceal the *Fatal Secret* from me.

Confirm my Fate, and boldly name the *Swain*,
 The *Happy Swain*, the *Darling of the Stars*.

Erg. Dost thou not know the Rich, the Gallant *Silvio*,
Montano's Only Son? — 'Tis he.

Myr. Thrice happy *Swain*! To have thy Stars dart
 Their gentle Influence so early thee! (down
 Forgive me, if thou hear'st my tender Sighs;
 I envy not thy Fate, but mourn my own.

Erg. Thou shouldstn't envy him, indeed, *Myrtillo*,
 He claims thy *Pity* rather.

Myr. What! *Pity*, say'st thou.

Erg. Yes, thy *Pity*; for he cannot love her.

Myr. Is he a Man? and is his Heart untouch'd?
 Can he be blind to such a World of Charms?
 Or has her Eyes shot all their Fires at me,

66 Original P O E M S,

And left no Dart for any other Breast?

But why must such a Glorious, Matchless Prize

Be thrown into the Arms of One, who scorns,

Or values not the Inestimable Blessing?

Erg. Soon as their *Nuptial Rites* shall be perform'd,

Indulgent Heav'n has promis'd to avert

The *direful Judgments* that attend *Arcadia*.

Hast thou not heard how our Offended *Goddeſs*

Each Year demands a *Spotless Virgin's Blood*,

(A Barbarous Tribute !) from our guilty Land.

Myr. Never, *Ergasto* ———

Nor blame, nor wonder at my Ignorance,

Since 'tis but lately that I came amongst you ;

And since (so *Love* and *Fate* decreed) 'till now I've been

The *Constant Tenant* of the *Shady Groves*.

But say ———

What *Hainous Crime* has *Arcadie* committed,

To draw such Vengeance on her guilty Head,

And rouse such Fury in a *Goddeſs*' Breast?

Erg. Since then Thou hast not heard the *Fatal Story*,

I'll tell thee such a Mournful, *Horrid Tale*,

Would rend ev'n Rocks, and soften knotted Oaks,

Much more incline thy tender Soul to Pity. —

Before the *Sacred Priesthood* was confin'd

To One peculiar Age ; A *Gallant Youth*,

Diana's Favourite Priest (by Name *Amyntas*)

Confess'd the Triumph of *Lucrina's* Eyes.

The *God of Love* shot all his Fires from thence

Into his Soul, and his whole Heart receiv'd them.

The *Nymph* was made in Nature's purest Mould

Without Alloy ; her Form was all Divine.

Heav'n, *Heav'n* itself was seated in her Eyes,

But

and TRANSLATIONS. 67

But *Hell*, all *Hell* in her false *treacherous Heart*.
 For a long Time She crown'd *Amynta's Pains*
 With gentle Smiles, and seem'd at least to burn
 With mutual Flames; long fed his Hopes with Vows
 Of Everlasting Truth, and Constant Love:
 And (while no Rival came t' oppose his Wishes)
 He reign'd sole Monarch of her Faithless Heart,
 But (Curse on the Jilt!) soon as *Another Swain*
 Whisper'd his *Love-sick Story* in her Ears;
 The *Treacherous Nymph* transported at her Conquest,
 And raging with a Flood of New Desires,
 Forgot the Numerous Vows She made *Amyntas*,
 And seal'd his Ruin e're he knew the Cause;
 With utmost Detestation shun'd his Presence,
 And swore She'd see the *Hated Youth* no more.
 If now, *Ingratitude* so black as this,
 Should raise a *Tempest* in his troubl'd Soul,
 And drive him to *Despair*, thou best canst judge,
 Who knows a Lover's Pains by sad Experience.

Myr. Oh! 'Tis beyond the Power of Words to paint
 Distress like his.

Erg. ——— At last th' *Unhappy Youth*
 (Finding her deaf to all his Sighs and Tears,
 Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken)
 All prostrate at *Diana's Sacred Altar*,
 With trembling Accent thus bespoke his *Goddeſs*.
 If with an Upright Heart, and Guiltless Hand,
 I ever offer'd Sacrifice before Thee;
 If e're my Service has been grateful to Thee,
 Then from thy Awful Seat above look down,
 Assert my Cause, and plead It as thy Own.

68 *Original P O E M S,*

*Pour down thy Vengeance on the Guilty Head
Of that too Lovely Fair, but Cruel Maid,
Who with her perjur'd Breath my honest Heart betray'd.* }
With good Success the Youth preferr'd his Pray'rs.
Cynthia look'd down, and heard his heavy Sighs,
Saw all his Tears, and pity'd his Distress.
Her Pity kindled in her Breast *Revenge*,
And fann'd the Furious Flame ; so strait She took
Her Fatal Bow in her All-pow'rful Hand ;
Out of her Quiver drew her keenest Arrows,
And shot them in the Bosom of *Arcadia*.
Swift as the Forky Lightning round they flew,
Unerring, and Unseen ; and *Sure Destruction*
Attended every Dart. No Age, no Sex they spar'd,
Relentless, did perform their dire Commission.
In vain to Distant Rocks th' Arcadian flies,
Within the Rocks the dire Contagion lies.
Fruitless are Antidotes with Skill apply'd ;
The Artist falls by his weak Patient's Side.
Man's utmost Efforts now prove ineffectual,
And Heav'n alone can mitigate his Sorrows.
So to the Nearest Oracle he flies,
To know what Terms the Angry Gods propound ;
What Tribute they expect t' avert the Judgment.
Soon from the Sacred Shrine this ANSWER came,
This Shocking Answer, horrible to Nature.
That Cynthia was provok'd, and to appease
Her kindl'd Wrath, and seal Arcadia's Peace,
Lucrina on her Altar must be laid,
Or in Her Stead, some False, but Beauteous Maid,
And by the Hands of Wrong'd Amyntas bleed.

Fruit-

Fruitless are all her Sighs, and flowing Tears;
 In vain She flies to her *New Lover's Arms*,
 And with her *Melting Eyes* implores his Aid
 In vain, to save her from Approaching Ruin.
 The *Beauteous Nymph*, like a *Gay Bride* adorn'd,
 Was to *Diana's Temple* strait conducted,
 In all the Splendour, and the Solemn Pomp
Religion could devise. — Soon as the *Victim* came,
 All-Pale, and Trembling to the *Sacred Altar*,
 (Her *Lovely Eyes* all-drown'd in Floods of Sorrow)
 Prostrate She fell before her *Injur'd Lover*,
 Expecting from his Hands the Stroke of Death.
 Boldly the *Youth* his *Sacred-Dagger* drew;
 His Breast with Indignation seem'd to burn,
 His Brows to knit, his Angry Eyes to roll
 With Glowing Vengeance, Fury, and Despair.
 At last, with a Deep Sigh (*Death's Harbinger*)
 And Looks compos'd, he thus bespoke the *Maid*.
 O ! *Thou too Lovely, Faithless, Perjur'd Nymph*,
Judge of my Wrongs by this Tremendous Blow.
 This said — He plung'd the Fatal Weapon deep
 Into his Sacred Breast; and at Her trembling Feet
 The *Victim*, and the *Priest* fell down together.
 Like One that stands upon the Verge of Life,
 Confounded, and surpriz'd, *Lucrinn* shiver'd,
 Doubtful as Yet, which had transfix'd her Heart,
Excess of Sorrow, or the *Dread of Death*.
 Soon as her scatter'd Senses were recall'd,
 And her lost Speech return'd ; She, sighing, said :
 O, *Generous Youth* ! I know thy wond'rous Worth,
 Thy Constancy, and Love, Alas ! too late.
 The Sight of Thee thus dying by my Side,

At Once revives ; and wounds my Bleeding Heart.
 If I have sinn'd, (as doubtless I have sinn'd)
 In flying from the Embrace of One so Good ;
 My Life shall make Attonement for th' Offence,
 And my Freed Soul shall dwell with thine for ever.
 With that She drew the Ponyard from his Breast,
 Warm with his Precious Blood, and plung'd it deep
 Into Her own. — Trembling, and Faint, She fell
 Into His dying Arms, who just had Life,
 Feebly to fold the Fair, and dye with Pleasure.
 Thus fell the too Indulgent, Constant Swain,
 Thus was the Nymph undone by Her Disdain.

Myr. Unhappy Youth ! — Yet Happy in thy Love.
 What Opportunity more Great, more Glorious
 Could'st Thou have had, to shew th' Unshaken Faith ?
 Who wouldn't dye to melt the Scornful Fair ?
 But what became of the distress'd Arcadians ?
 Did the Contagion cease ? Was Cynthia's Anger
 Perfectly appeas'd ?

Erg. The Storm, indeed, abated for a Time ;
 But Oh ! We never had a Perfect Calm.
 In the same Month of the Ensuing Year
 It rag'd with Greater Fury than before,
 With Speed again to Cynthia's Shrine we flew,
 But soon receiv'd an Answer more surprizing,
 More Horrible to Nature than the First.
 That Cynthia did expect to be obey'd ;
 That then, and every Year, a BRIDE, or MAID,
 (Not Twenty) on Her Altar should be laid.
 This, when comply'd with, and the Victim slain,
 The Goddess would remove our Raging Pain.

Nor was this All : The Goddess to torment
 Th' *Unhappy Sex*, prescrib'd this *Cruel Law*.
A Law (which if we weigh their Natures well)
 We know they ne'r can keep ; a *Law* that's wrote
 Without Remorse, in Characters of Blood.
That every Bride, or Virgin, who should prove
Inconstant to the Swain She Once did love,
Should without Mercy in an Instant dye,
Unless some Friend would the Nymph's Place supply.
 This National Calamity now *Old Montano*
 Hopes to remove by this *Intended Match*.
 For when again We to the *Shrine* apply'd,
 To know what Remedy the *Heav'ns* prescrib'd,
 To heal the Anxious Griefs *Our Land* groan'd under ;
 After some Pause, *This Answer* was return'd.

Cynthia will never smile,
Nor hush the Raging Storm ;
'Till Two of Race Divine
Shall Hymen's Rites perform :
'Till some Fair, Generous Maid
Shall bless her Faithful Swain ;
With Constancy Attonement make
For the False Nymph's Disdain.

Now, throughout All *Arcadia*, None are left
 Who claim a Title to *Celestial Birth*,
 But *Silvio* and *Amaryllis* : She
 The Daughter of the Mighty *Pan*, and He
Alcides' Son. Nor has there met 'till now,
 (So much the harder our *Unhappy Fate* !)
 Two Branches of those Lines of Different Sex.
 Not without Ground, *Montano* therefore hopes
 (Tho' what the *Sacred Oracle* foretold

72 Original P O E M S.

Is not as Yet in every Point accomplish'd.)
To find Our Remedy in *This Alliance*.
This is the Fundamental Part; the Rest
Lies hid at present in the Breast of Fate.
Which, when the *Nuptial Rites* shall be perform'd,
Will visibly appear.

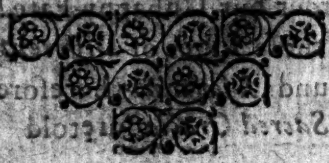
Myr. Never was *Swain* so wretched sure as I am!
What Combination's here! What Pow'rs conspire
To ruin One, half-dead with Grief already,
Is't not enough the *Pangs of Love* to bear,
That I must wage with *Fate* Unequal War?

Erg. Cease thy Complaining, cease thy Flowing Tears;
Tears will not cool, but fan Love's Raging Fires.
Chear up, my Friend, and let's to *Yonder Grove*,
Some Stratagem *Ergasto* will devise,
(Ere yet the Sun shall in the Ocean set)
To introduce Thee to thy *Charmer's* Presence,
With *Sighs* Thou striv'st to sooth thy Griefs in vain,
Thy *Sighs* will prove but an Addition to thy Pain.

So when a Fire a Field of Corn does seize,
If the Wind's hush, it burns by *Slow Degrees*:
But if a *Furious Tempest* chance to rise,
At Once the Flame does the Whole Field surprize,
And mounts with Fury to the Distant Skies.

F I N I S.

10 JUL 68



King